

EVERY THURSDAY
PRICE 6d

No. 44—NOV. 18, 1967

Mandy



HO! PREPARE FOR HONOURABLE
KARATE CHOP FROM MIGHTY MANDY—
BLACK BELT OF THE FIRST DAN!

COME OUT, PATCH. I WAS JUST
PRETENDING—THE ONLY BLACK BELT I
HAVE IS OFF MY DRESSING GOWN.



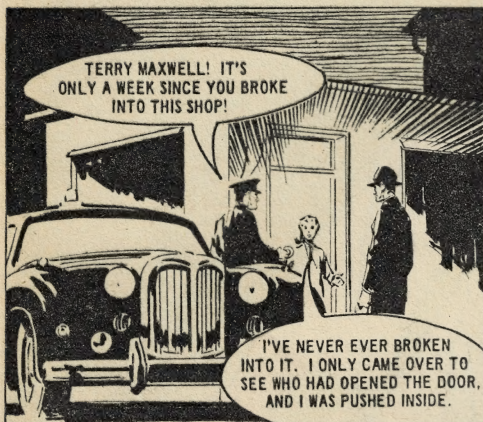
Continued on back page.

Terrible news for Terry.



THE TESTS OF TERRY

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Terry Maxwell, who hoped to win the Duke of Edinburgh Award, had been wrongly accused of theft. She lived in Merkan Avenue, the toughest street in a rough housing estate in Blacktown and, when she had gone to investigate an open shop door, she was pushed inside. The door slammed, and the alarm bell went off, bringing the police on the scene.



TERRY MAXWELL! IT'S ONLY A WEEK SINCE YOU BROKE INTO THIS SHOP!

I'VE NEVER EVER BROKEN INTO IT. I ONLY CAME OVER TO SEE WHO HAD OPENED THE DOOR, AND I WAS PUSHED INSIDE.

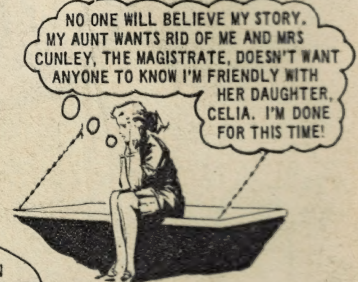
At that moment, Terry's Aunt Hilda appeared. Terry lived with her Aunt, since her father was in the Navy and was seldom home.



MRS JOHNSON, YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN TO THE STATION. WE'VE PICKED UP YOUR NIECE, BREAKING AND ENTERING AGAIN.

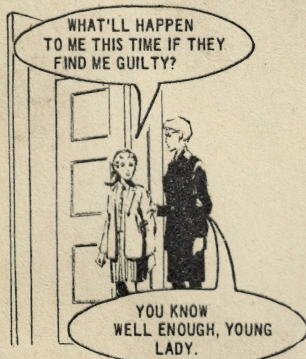
I'M NOT COMING DOWN TO ANY STATION. LOCK HER UP. THAT'S ALL SHE'S FIT FOR.

So Terry spent the night in Blacktown Police Station.



NO ONE WILL BELIEVE MY STORY. MY AUNT WANTS RID OF ME AND MRS CUNLEY, THE MAGISTRATE, DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW I'M FRIENDLY WITH HER DAUGHTER, CELIA. I'M DONE FOR THIS TIME!


In the morning, Terry was escorted to the Juvenile Court.



WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ME THIS TIME IF THEY FIND ME GUILTY?

YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH, YOUNG LADY.

Once more, Mrs Cunley, whose daughter, Celia, was friendly with Terry, was the senior magistrate.



WELL, MAXWELL, THIS TIME YOU WERE CAUGHT IN THE ACT, TRAPPED BY THE ALARM. WHAT'S YOUR TALE?

IT'S A WASTE OF TIME TELLING MY STORY. SHE'S MADE UP HER MIND ABOUT ME.

The Probation Officer was called.



MAXWELL ASKED IF SHE COULD REPORT ON A WEDNESDAY INSTEAD OF A TUESDAY, AS SHE WENT TO A FIRST-AID CLASS AND A LIFE-SAVING CLASS RUN BY MRS LIVESEY ON A TUESDAY.

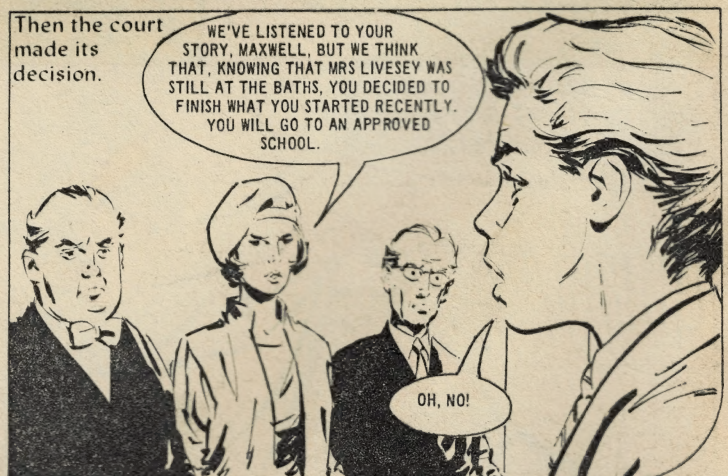
Then Terry's Aunt was called.



I CAN DO NOTHING WITH HER. SHE'S NO GOOD.

ALL RIGHT, MRS JOHNSON.

Then the court made its decision.



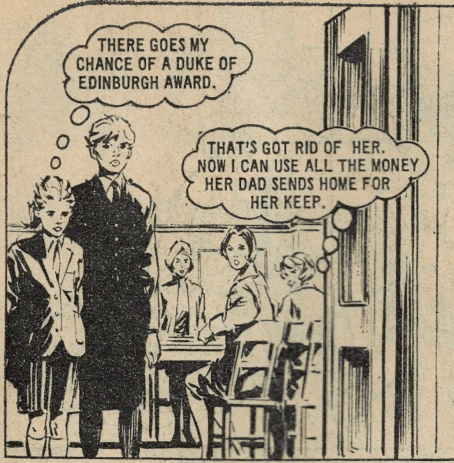
WE'VE LISTENED TO YOUR STORY, MAXWELL, BUT WE THINK THAT, KNOWING THAT MRS LIVESEY WAS STILL AT THE BATHS, YOU DECIDED TO FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED RECENTLY. YOU WILL GO TO AN APPROVED SCHOOL.

OH, NO!

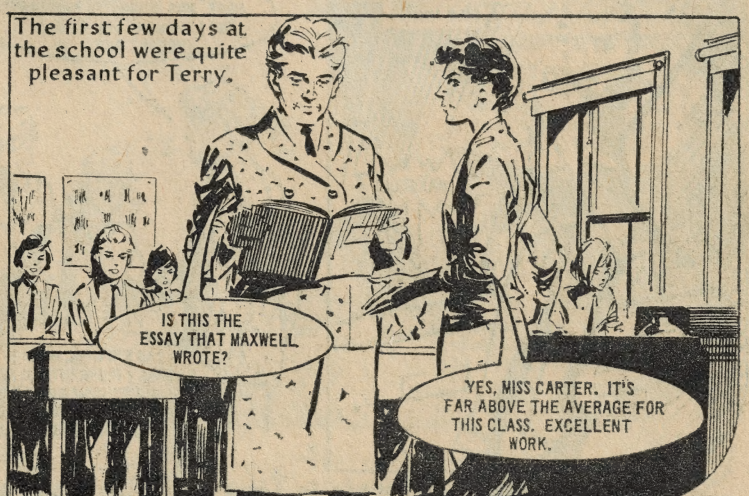
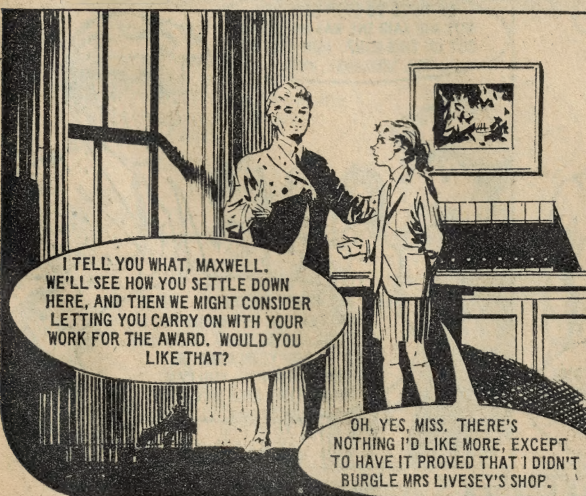
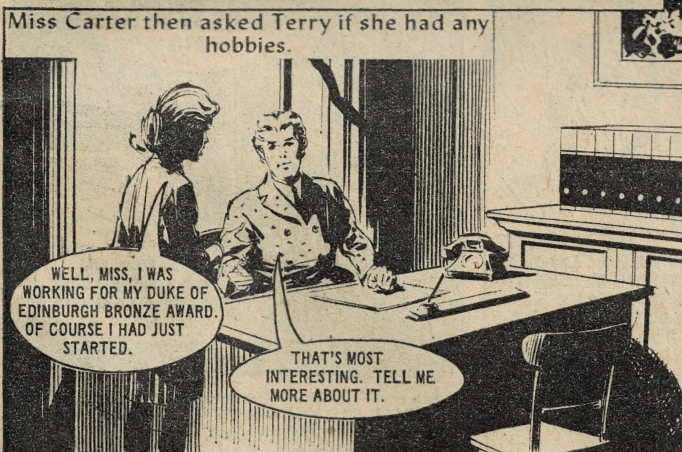
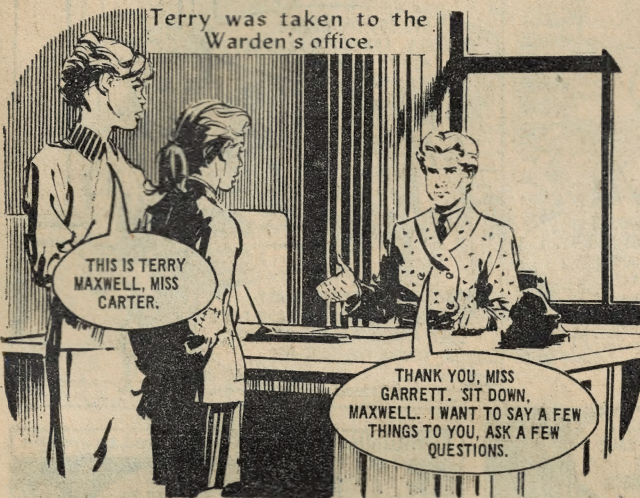
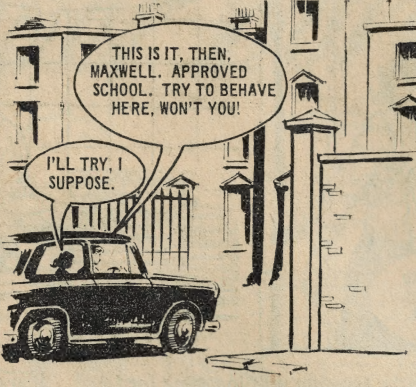


The approved school.

3



Later that day, Terry was driven to a grim building on the outskirts of Blacktown.



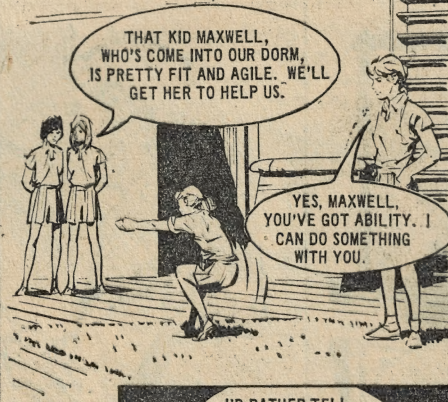
Terry is tricked!



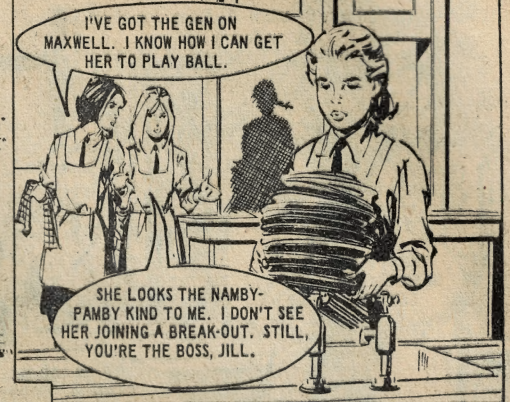
The approved school also had a fine gymnasium.



But already, trouble was looming for Terry.



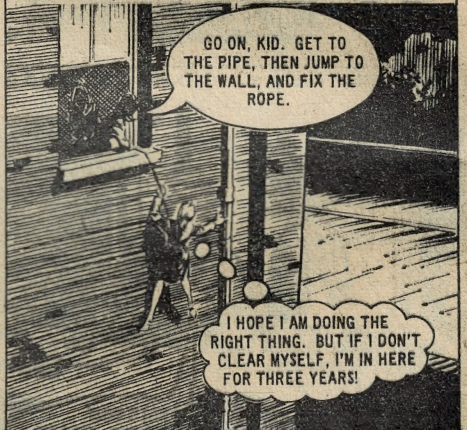
Later that day—



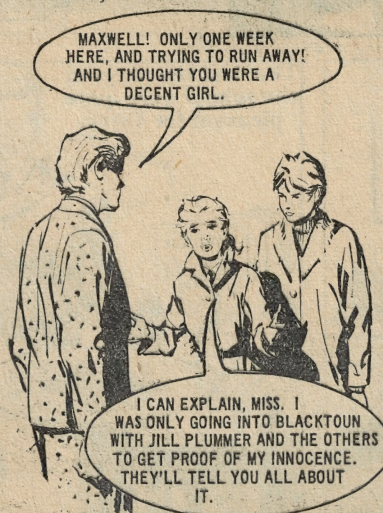
After lights out in the dormitory, Jill Plummer and two of her friends woke Terry.



Eventually, Terry was persuaded to escape.



Terry was taken to the Head.



But Jill and the others had no intention of owning up.



What will happen to Terry now? Don't miss NEXT WEEK'S exciting pictures.

The Computer Wore Pigtailed

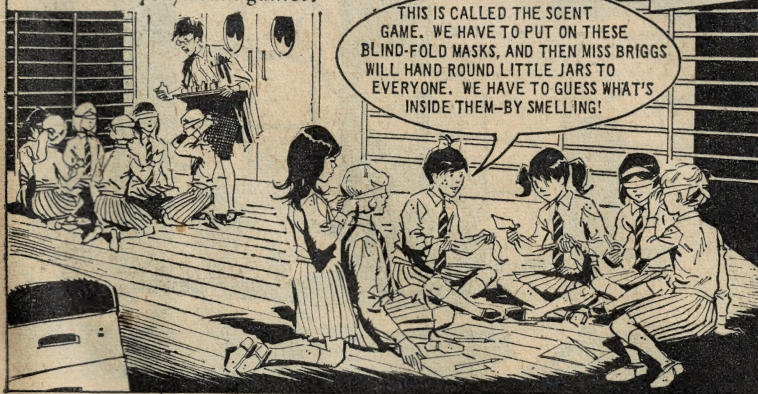
TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Sally Gleadewas given the job of "sister" to Transy, the first computer to look and act like a schoolgirl. This was part of an experiment being conducted by I.T.M., a firm specialising in the development of computers. Transy was living with the Gleade family, and attended Leewood School with Sally.



As they crossed the road—



The juniors gathered in the school gym to play team games.



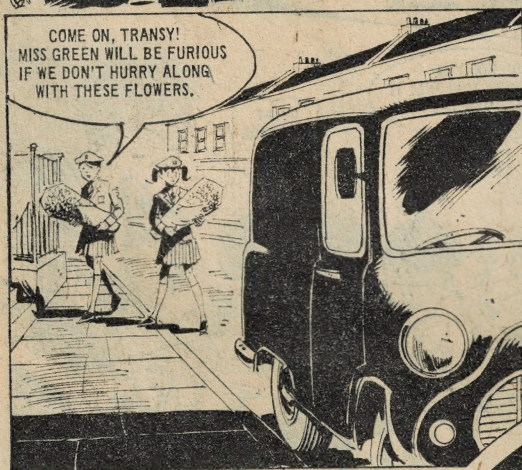
After the game—



The contest ended with a memory game.



Keep quiet, or I'll fire!

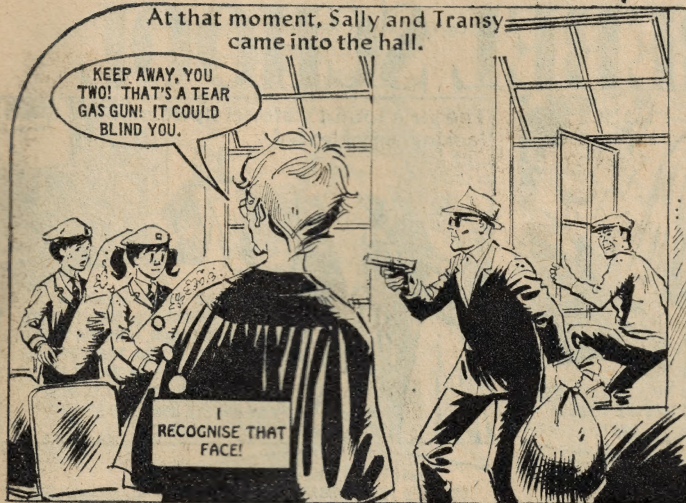


Meanwhile, Miss Green was alone in the school hall.



Transy to the rescue.

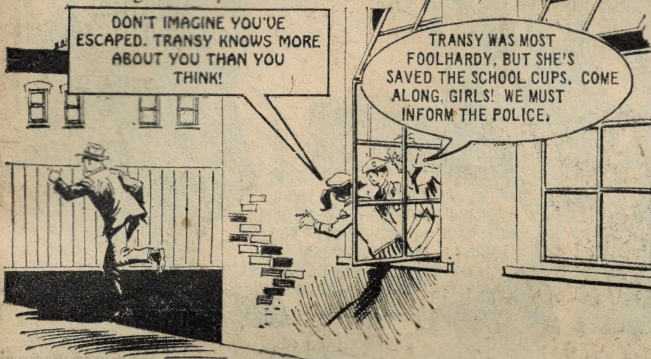
7



Transy charged towards the crook.



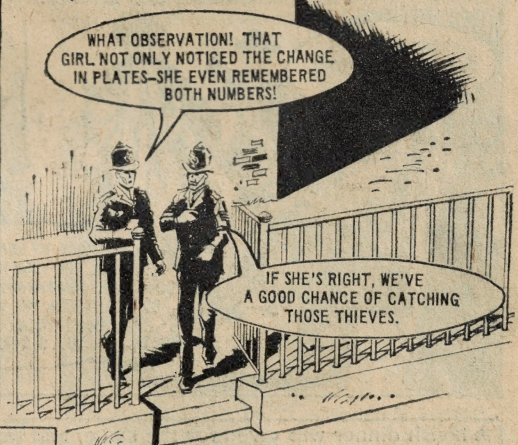
The startled crook turned and fled through the open window.



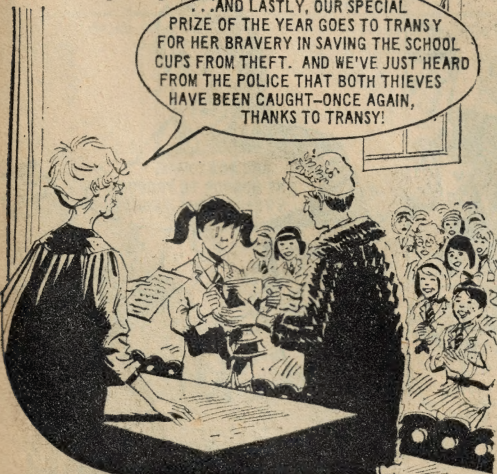
Miss Green asked Sally and Transy to explain their theory.



The policemen hurried off.



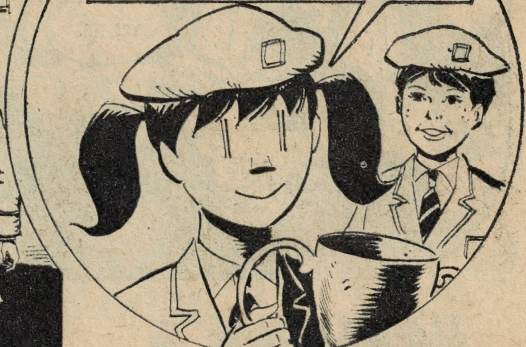
Later, at the school prize-giving—



On the way home.



YOU HUMANS ARE SO SIMPLE! WHAT ARE TWO TINY NUMBERS TO A MAGNETIC MEMORY SUCH AS TRANSY'S AND WHAT CAN TEAR GAS DO TO A COMPUTER? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW POOR TRANSY COULDN'T EVEN RECOGNISE ONIONS IN THE SCENT GAME?



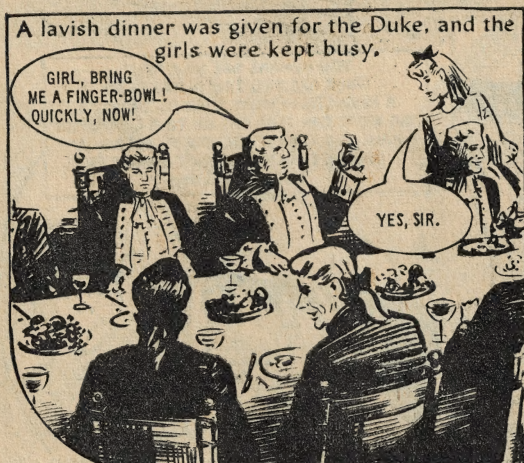
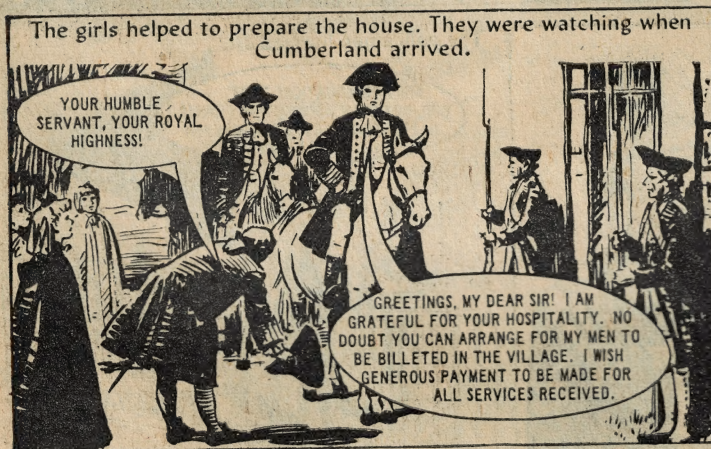
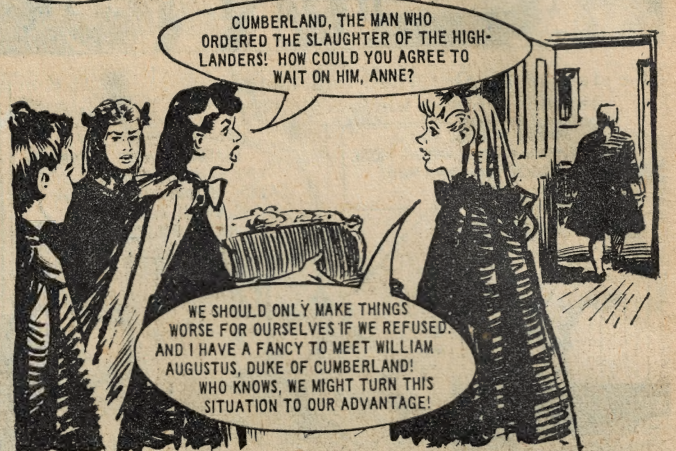
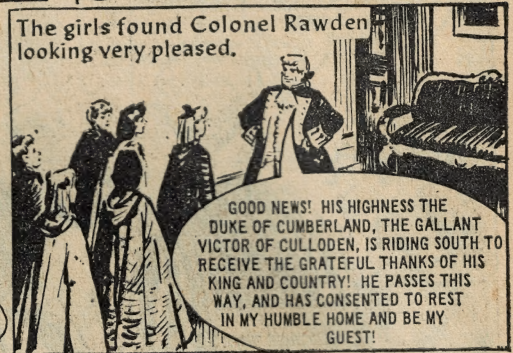
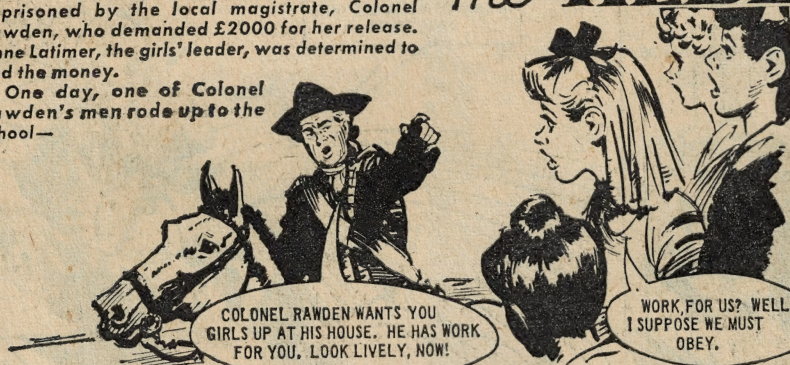
NEXT WEEK—Transy becomes a record player.

The Butcher of Culloden!

The REBEL SCHOOL

WHEN Bonnie Prince Charlie was defeated in 1745, one of his supporters, Miss Ferguson, headmistress of a Westmorland girls' school, was imprisoned by the local magistrate, Colonel Rawden, who demanded £2000 for her release. Anne Latimer, the girls' leader, was determined to find the money.

One day, one of Colonel Rawden's men rode up to the school—

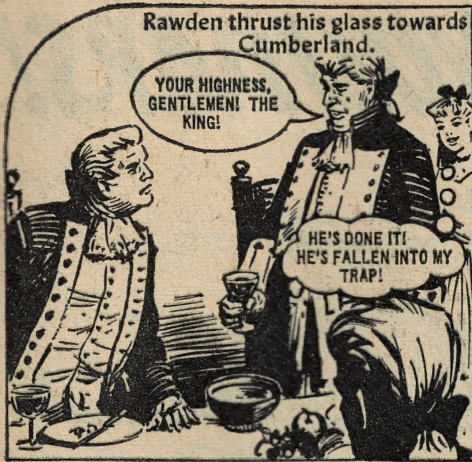


As Anne expected, Rawden proposed a toast at the end of the dinner.

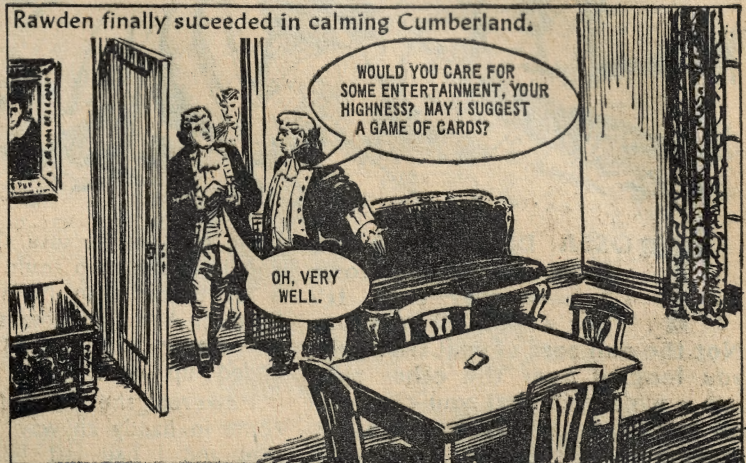


The wrong king!

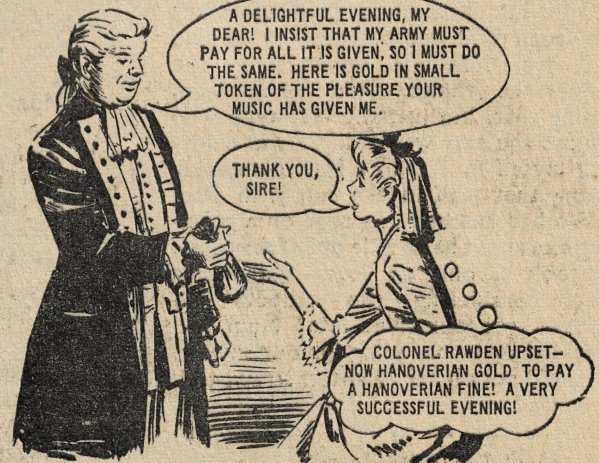
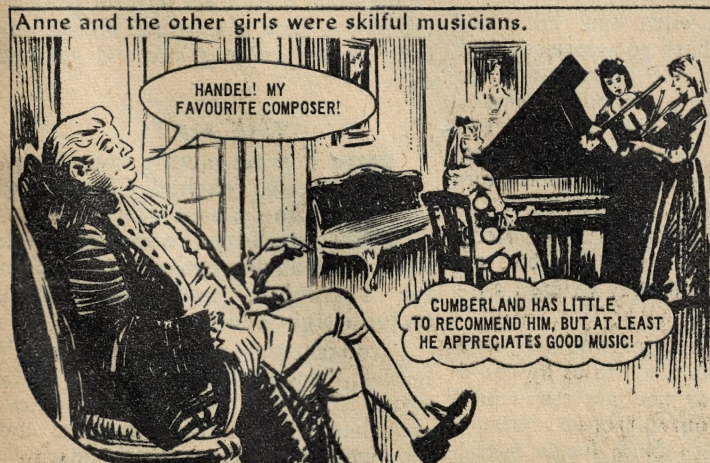
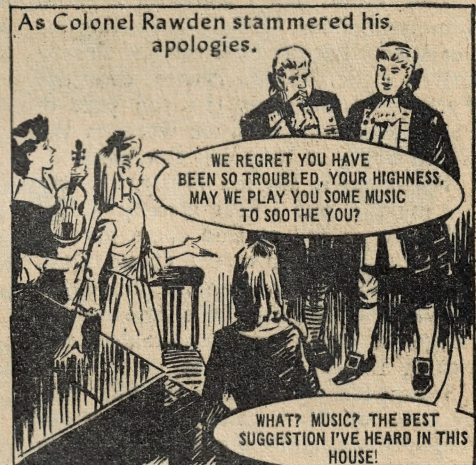
9



Supporters of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his father, the exiled King James, drank a toast by holding their glasses over a container of water. This was a toast to the "king over the water", who lived in France.



The nine of diamonds was known as the Curse of Scotland. It was said that Cumberland had scrawled his order for the massacre at Culloden on that card.



Colonel Rawden faces defeat—NEXT WEEK

More laughs with the muddled-up Millers!

HOORAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS!



TOSSA DE MAR is the most fascinating town I have ever seen. It's got a wall all round it. Not the dull sort of wall that stops you looking over the other side, but a wide wall that you can walk on top of, with turrets and stairs leading up to the top.

Dad, Mum, and I were on a grand summer holiday. We'd been saving for years. Our battered old car had already driven right through France, over the Pyrenees and across the top part of Spain. And now here we were on the Costa Brava as they call this part.

My name is Debbie Miller. I'm big for my age, and I have a nasty feeling I'll grow as tall as Dad some day.

Dad is always so careful about things—especially on a camping holiday—that he spends most of the time looking in guide books and time-tables, and ticking things off on lists.

I suppose he has to be like that because of Mum. She's inclined to forget things, and she acts in a kind of dreamy way.

I'm not like Mum or Dad—I try to laugh Dad out of being so careful, and jog Mum into remembering the important things. And apart from doing that, I'm just the lazy type who enjoys the easy way of life. I was enjoying myself in Tossa de Mar, sauntering along that wall in the sun with Dad.

We had pitched the tent on a camping site about half a mile out of the town. It took us only an hour—which isn't bad, considering the muddle we usually get ourselves into. Mum had decided to go shopping for our supper.

She'd put on her brightest strawberry coloured trousers and orange shirt, and she'd started off by buying a shopping basket in the market. That was easy, because it was hanging up and she only had to point at it. Then she'd managed

some oranges because she found the people in the shop could speak English a lot better than Mum could speak Spanish. And after that she'd tried to get clever with potted shrimps and ended up with paper hankies.

However, she decided these might come in handy anyway. That's where Dad and I had last left her, trying another shop for potted shrimps because she was keen to make the Spanish dish "paella."

WHERE'S MUM?

AFTER a while, Dad and I sauntered into the town, along the sandy narrow roads where all the doorways had rafia curtains hanging instead of real doors, to keep the houses cool.

We stopped at a cafe for ices, and then we decided it was time we met Mum, who had arranged to wait for us down by the sea front.

"I knew she'd be late," Dad said, looking at his watch. "Even on holiday—time is so important."

I didn't agree with him, but after half an hour we both got worried. And we were even more worried when we found Mum's new shopping basket lying on a rock by the sea with the paper hankies, oranges, toothpicks, and some very smelly meat in it—but no potted shrimps!

Dad went white and said—"Keep your eyes on the water, Debbie. I'll ask the fishermen if they've seen anything floating!"

Dad couldn't manage the language problem either, but, as far as he could make out, nobody had noticed a pair of strawberry coloured trousers floating on the waves with Mum inside them.

In fact, despite Mum looking even more vivid than most of the tourists,

nobody had seen her at all.

Then, just as Dad and I were getting really panicky, an Englishman, looking very hot in a grey flannel suit, said he'd seen a "rather colourful young lady" (what a way to describe Mum!) leave her basket on the rocks and get on to a boat with her sketch book.

He managed to point out the jetty where the boat had left, and Dad raced over to ask a few people hovering around there.

It seemed a boat left for another town, Lloret de Mar, every few hours and Mum had got onto one of them. Lloret de Mar was at least five miles away and Dad wasn't eager to swim there. I can't do five hundred yards yet, so I didn't even volunteer.

Dad discovered you could get to Lloret by car and while he was still asking people the exact route and checking it all on maps, we saw a boat come in.

It came from Lloret de Mar, and we rushed down to the jetty to give Mum a big welcome, as if she'd been away for years.

But Mum wasn't on it! Dad grabbed me by the hand and we ran all the way back to the camping site and got the car.

THE HAT!

IT was getting late when we reached Lloret and the sunset was beautiful. I wanted to stop and look at it, but Dad was drawing out a plan for searching, and that didn't include sight-seeing.

"You take the east side of the town," he said, "and I'll take the west. Take a steady direction north up one street and then south down the next, and then we'll work across the other way—combing every alley."

"No, Dad," I said as gently as I

A letter to Mandy may win a prize for YOU!

could because I didn't want to upset his plans, "let's start where Mum's most likely to be. Sunsets look best on the water. Mum loves painting sunsets."

Dad gave me a look as if he knew at last he'd produced a genius for a daughter.

"Come on!" he answered. "We'll take the car up to the sea front and then explore the beach."

We didn't need to do much exploring. As soon as we drove on to the sea front, we knew we'd found Mum. There was a whole crowd of people gathered together—tourists, children, dogs. Some of them were walking away clutching pictures of brilliant orange, yellow, and red.

In the middle of the crowd was Mum. She sat on the sea wall, a sketch book on her knee and a paint-box by her side. She was dipping her brush into a glass of orange lemonade which she must have pinched from the cafe table near her.

She looked a curious sight in strawberry pink trousers and orange blouse, painting one sunset after another and tearing them off the pad to give to one or other of her admirers.

But best of all was Mum's hat. She must have bought it at the market in Lloret de Mar. It was large, straw, and purple. The brim was so wide I'm surprised she could look out from underneath to see the sunset at all.

She held out another sunset and Dad

grabbed it.

"Lousy!" he said. "I'll store it in the junk room!"

Mum looked up and the hat fell off. When she saw us she leapt up, knocking over the glass of lemonade.

"How did you get here?" she cried.

"I'm afraid I must have missed the boat back. I thought it would only take me for a trip round the bay!"

We were so pleased to find her again, we told her the story without sounding as if we had been anxious at all.

"But the shopping!" Mum cried when we had finished. "I expect the shops are shut by now. And I still haven't found potted shrimps for my paella."

Dad told her not to worry. He knew there was a very good hotel just outside Lloret he had read about in one of his guide books. Why

didn't we all go there to have a really good meal for a treat, and try paella the way the Spaniards made it?

So that's what we did. It was a gorgeous hotel, and we sat outside on a terrace by the sea with the band playing. Mum wore her

large straw purple hat all through dinner, which looked very odd when everyone else was in smart evening clothes.

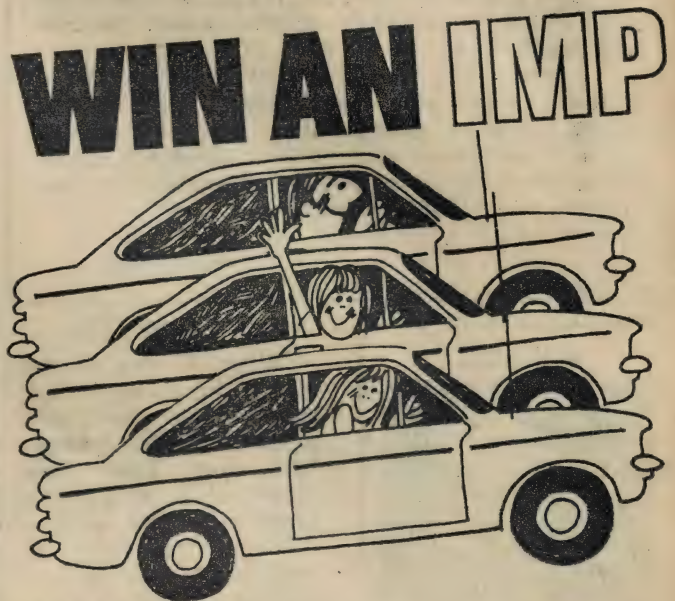
The mountain road was even more beautiful at night, when we drove home by moonlight.

"Wasn't the paella delicious?" I murmured. "You must make it again tomorrow, Mum."

"But did you notice," Dad said, "there weren't any potted shrimps? There were great big prawns—maybe local ones from the sea."

"In that case," said Mum from somewhere under her big straw purple hat, "I'll take a different boat tomorrow. And see if it takes me out fishing. Don't you think that's a good idea, George?"

Even a puncture can't flatten the Millers' holiday—NEXT WEEK.



3 Hillman Imp Californians to be won
10 Portable TV sets
50 Polaroid Swinger cameras
500 Pen and Pencil sets with any of these Fry wrappers.



FOR DETAILS OF HOW TO WIN SEE BACK OF PACKS.



Look for them in your sweetshop and see how many prizes you can win

HERE IT IS!

The DIANA BOOK

For Girls Who Are Keen On—



FASHION

MYSTERY

PETS

NATURE

SPORT

MAGIC

BALLET

HANDICRAFTS

128 Pages in lovely colour. You'll want to read these again and again.

NOW ON SALE

PRICE
8'6

Letters from YOU to Mandy.

Hello, Girls!
I have some super news for you. Next week your own junior reporter, Jill, is back with another series of her escapades in search of news. You can read more about her on Page 22.

Many of you have been writing in, asking me to find you pen pals. I am afraid I can't do this—but don't be disappointed. You can always write to me about your hobbies, favourite jokes or any funny incidents that have happened to you.

'Bye till next week,

Mandy

WATCHDOG.



—Karen Gibbons,
Sevenoaks, Kent.
You'll be giving
Patch ideas, Karen.

BATTY BOOKS.

- 1—Mammals
by C. Lion.
- 2—Odd Jobs
by Andy Mann.
- 3—Flowers
by Rose Budd.
- 4—Let Him Come Too,
by Ann Mee.
- 5—Hang On
by Lyn Ger.

A postal order goes to
Carol Dunne, Wembley.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in dog but
not in pup,
My second's in down
but not in up.
My third is in pan but
not in boil,
My fourth is in rope but
never in coil.
My fifth is in buy but
not in sell,
My sixth is in door but
not in bell.
My seventh is in bolt
but not in nut,
My eighth is in scissors,
but never in cut.
My ninth is in sit but
not in stand,
My last is in fingers but
not in hands.
My whole is a character
funny and gay,
Whom we look forward
to every Thursday.

Answer—Dopey Doris.
—Elizabeth Elliott,
Alnwick.

This certainly got me in
a muddle, Elizabeth.

MY DOG.



When I was small, my mother said we were going to have a dog, which was very nice, as I was a bit fed-up with no pets to play with. So one day we went to a market, which is in Romford, and bought a dog. He was just like a ball of fluff. We called him Bobby, which suited him. He is now nearly ten years old.

A postal order goes to Janet Wright, Upminster, Essex, for sending me this cute photograph.

A WEB OF LIES.

When I was at my Auntie Jane's house, my cousin Janet and I saw a spider in the lounge. We were both very afraid of it, so Janet's brother Martin said—"Poor spider, it wouldn't hurt a fly."

—Deborah Turner,
Beeston.

Well, if they're fly they
might get away with it!

THE LITTLE DEVIL!

My little cousin is very sweet, but he has one fault and that is he can't resist sugar lumps. His mother said that to stop it he must tell the devil to get behind him. Alas, it did not work and, when she caught him eating the sugar, she said—"Didn't you tell the devil to get behind you?"

"Oh, yes," he said.
"But he got behind and
pushed me!"

—Sorah Hicks, Dover,
Kent.

Sounds to me like he
was trying to sweeten him
up.

A RIVAL FOR JILL!

Jill is a very lucky junior reporter! My sister is a junior reporter also. She says it is a very exciting job. She meets many famous people and even had lunch with Jimmy Savile when he was in Morecambe, and had her picture taken combing his hair for a wrestling match he was in.

—Tina Wood, Morecambe.

I hope you like the photograph of Jimmy Savile, Tina.



SOLVE THE RIDDLES.

- Q. What is it that plays when it works and works when it plays?
A. A fountain.
- Q. Name a word with five letters which, if you take two away you leave one.
A. Stone.
- Q. Which four letters would frighten a thief?

—Jane Kirk, Liverpool.

Did you manage to
guess the answer, girls?

ASK A SILLY QUESTION.



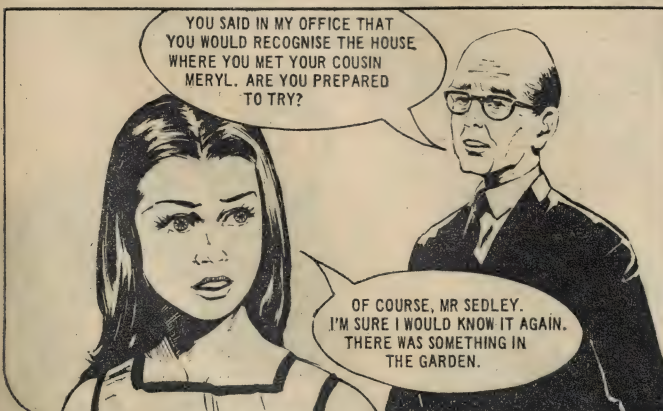
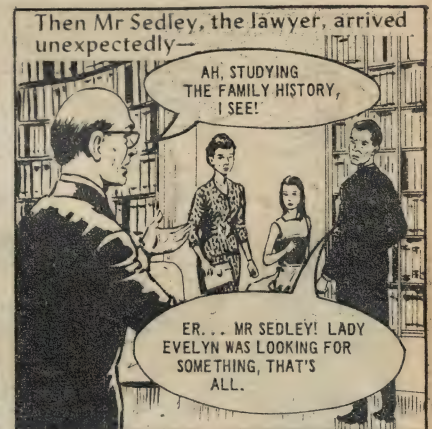
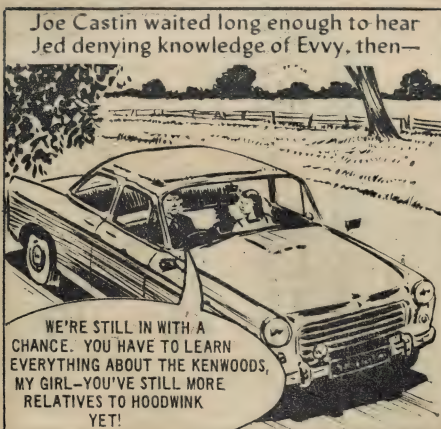
—Jane Clayton,
Chichester.

Your postal order's
on the way, Jane.

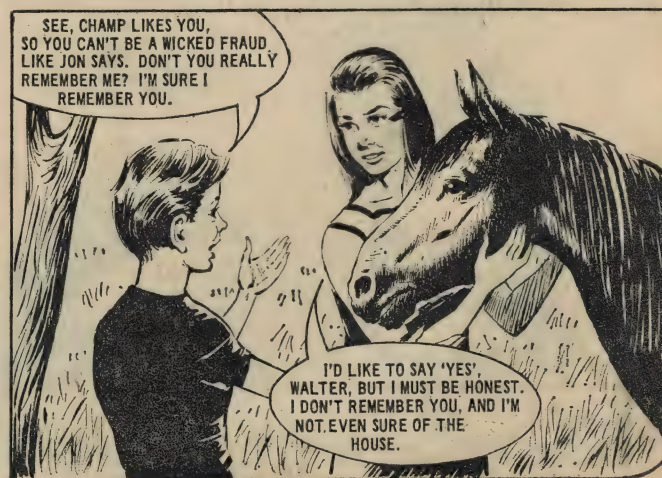
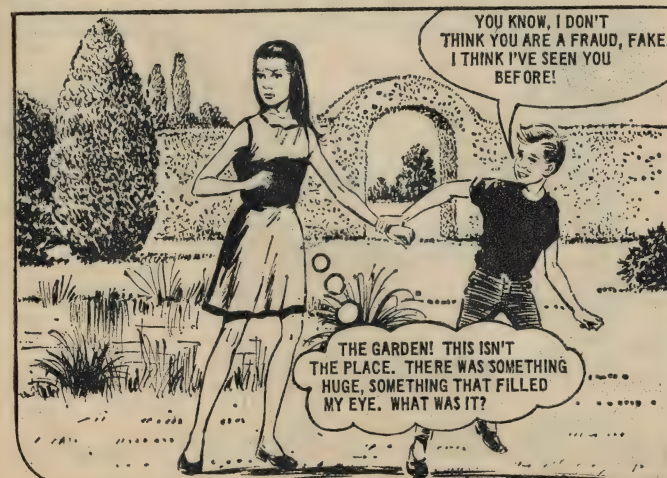
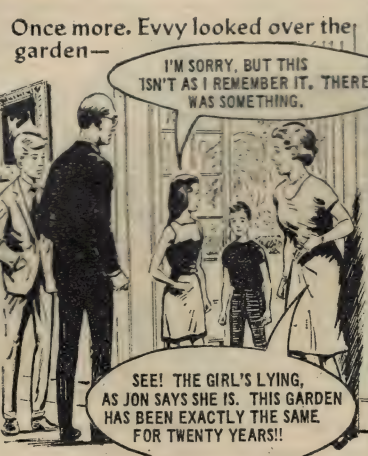
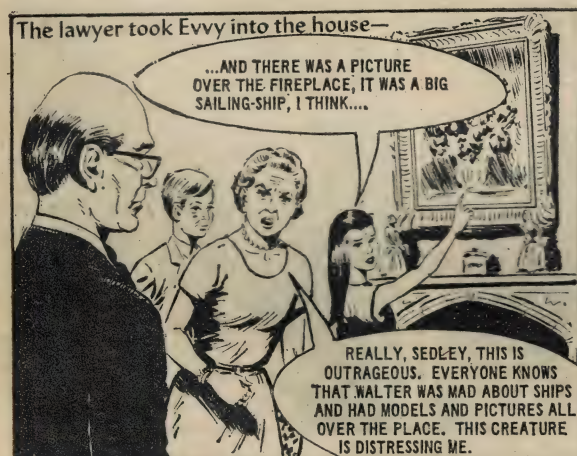
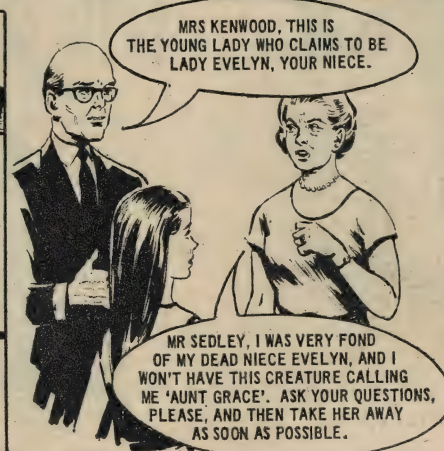
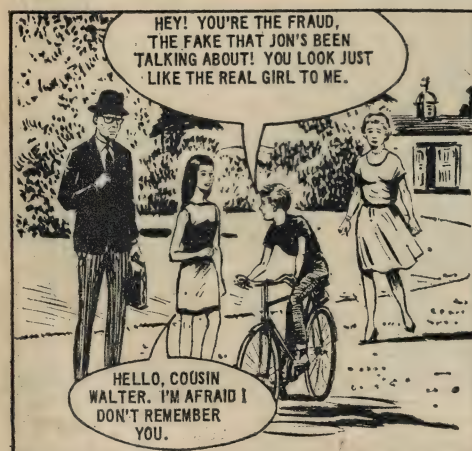
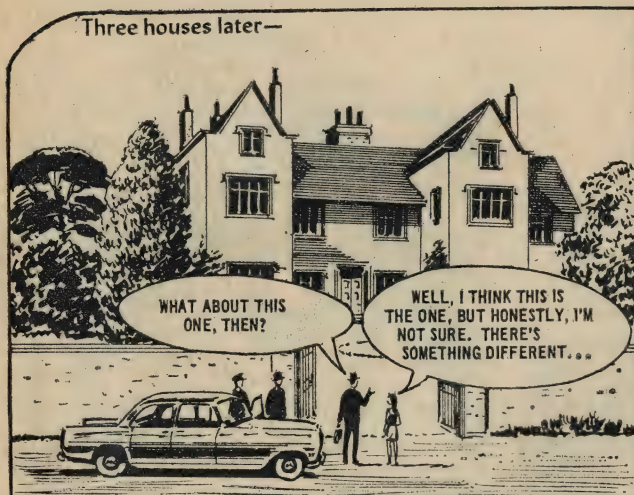
The Riddle Of The LOST HEIRESS

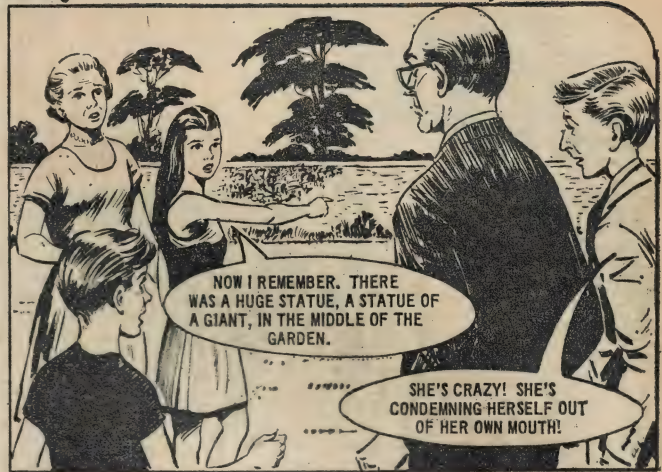
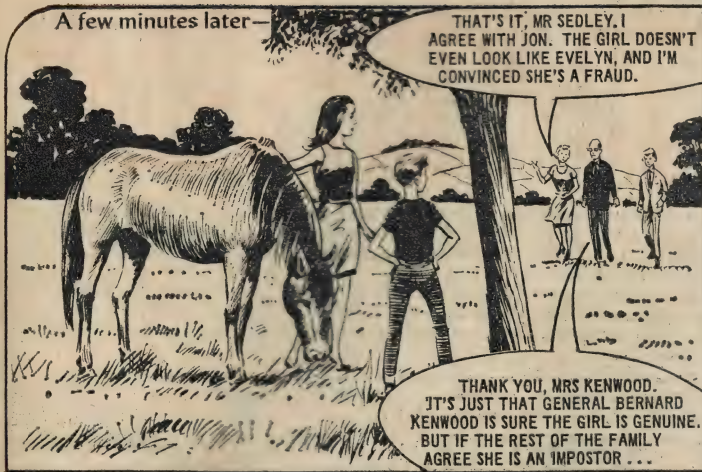
TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Evvy Collins was being trained by Joe and Bertha Castin to pass as the missing Evelyn Kenwood, to whom Evvy bore a remarkable resemblance. The Kenwood fortune which had been left to Evelyn Kenwood was the prize that Joe Castin was after. Evvy had not succeeded in convincing all the Kenwood family that she was the lost heiress, and so the Kenwood lawyer, Mr Sedley, was checking on her background.

To prevent the lawyer discovering the truth about Evvy, Joe Castin returned to the fairground where he had discovered her.



The puzzle of the missing memory.





NEXT WEEK—Evvy defies Joe Castin!

A meeting means danger for Kerry's friend.

The

DOOR TO YESTERDAY



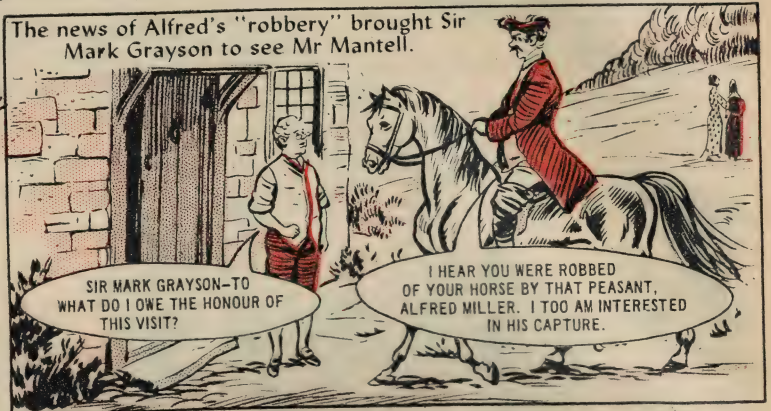
OH, KERRY, MY FAMILY DEPENDS ON MY WAGES TO LIVE.

IF ONLY MR MANTELL KNEW THAT, BUT FOR ALFRED, HE WOULD HAVE DIED IN THE COACH CRASH.

An old wardrobe, which was really a time-machine, took twelve-year-old Kerry Hollis back to 1767, where she made friends with Penelope, a scullery maid in the house of Mr Mantell, who had made the time-machine. Penelope's brother, Alfred, was hiding in the forest from Sir Mark Grayson, a local land-owner.

In an old newspaper file, Kerry read that a coach, which Mr Mantell intended to catch, had crashed and everyone in it was killed. To prevent Mr Mantell catching the coach, Kerry persuaded Alfred to steal his horse. The plan worked, but Mr Mantell recognised Alfred and fired Penelope from her job.

The news of Alfred's "robbery" brought Sir Mark Grayson to see Mr Mantell.



SIR MARK GRAYSON—TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOUR OF THIS VISIT?

I HEAR YOU WERE ROBBED OF YOUR HORSE BY THAT PEASANT, ALFRED MILLER. I TOO AM INTERESTED IN HIS CAPTURE.

At Penelope's cottage, the children were eating the last of the food Kerry had brought them.



I WILL BRING YOU SOME MORE TINNED FOOD TOMORROW.

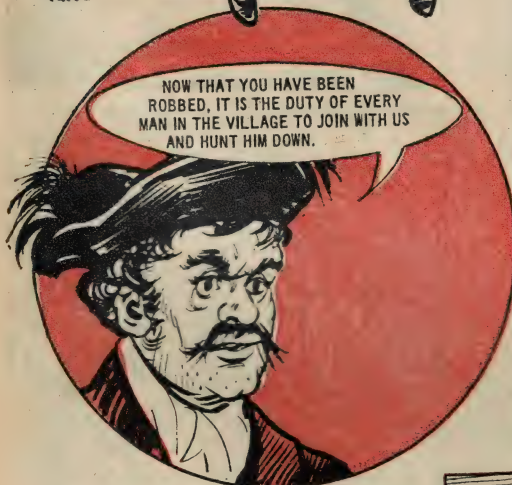
I WISH YOU WOULD TELL US WHERE YOU CAME FROM, KERRY, AND WHERE YOU GET THIS STRANGE AND WONDERFUL FOOD.

Just then, a neighbour brought distressing news.



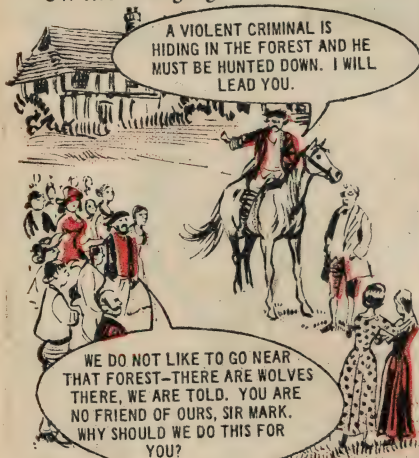
HAVE YOU HEARD? EVERYONE HAS BEEN CALLED TO THE VILLAGE GREEN BY SIR MARK GRAYSON AND MR MANTELL. IT CONCERNS YOUR ALFRED.

WE'D BETTER GO AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.



NOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ROBBED, IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY MAN IN THE VILLAGE TO JOIN WITH US AND HUNT HIM DOWN.

On the village green—



A VIOLENT CRIMINAL IS HIDING IN THE FOREST AND HE MUST BE HUNTED DOWN. I WILL LEAD YOU.

WE DO NOT LIKE TO GO NEAR THAT FOREST—THERE ARE WOLVES THERE, WE ARE TOLD. YOU ARE NO FRIEND OF OURS, SIR MARK. WHY SHOULD WE DO THIS FOR YOU?



YOU ALL RESPECT MR MANTELL, AND HE HAS BEEN ROBBED BY THIS MAN. AND THERE ARE NO WOLVES IN THE FOREST—'TIS AN OLD WIVES' TALE.

WE WILL DO IT FOR MR MANTELL, THEN.



THEY'RE CERTAIN TO CATCH ALFRED NOW, KERRY.

WAIT FOR ME NEAR MR MANTELL'S HOUSE, PENELOPE. I HAVE A PLAN TO HELP ALFRED.



The magic box.

Kerry slipped into Mr Mantell's house without being seen and made her way to the attic, where the wardrobe was kept.



NOW TO GET INTO THE WARDROBE AND BACK TO 1967!

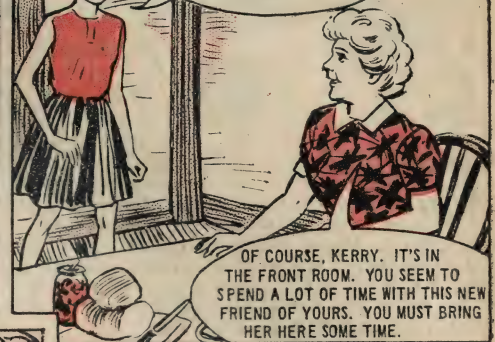
Soon Kerry was back in her aunt's house in 1967.



KERRY! ARE YOU UP THERE? YOUR TEA IS READY!

OH DEAR, AUNT MABEL WANTS ME—BUT I HAVEN'T TIME FOR TEA.

I HAD TEA AT MY FRIEND'S, AUNT MABEL. MAY I BORROW UNCLE TED'S PORTABLE TAPE-RECORDER?



OF COURSE, KERRY. IT'S IN THE FRONT ROOM. YOU SEEM TO SPEND A LOT OF TIME WITH THIS NEW FRIEND OF YOURS. YOU MUST BRING HER HERE SOME TIME.

Back in 1767, Penelope was a very worried girl.



THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE AT LAST, KERRY. BUT WHAT IS THAT STRANGE BOX YOU HAVE?

YOU'D BE SURPRISED IF YOU KNEW. THERE ISN'T A MINUTE TO WASTE, PENELOPE. SHOW ME YOUR SHORT CUT TO THE FOREST.

In the forest—



HURRY, KERRY—THE CROWD IS IN THE FOREST.

RIGHT. I'M READY TO SWITCH ON—



THERE'S SOMETHING HOWLING IN THE TREES OVER THERE!



THAT'S A WOLF HOWLING!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



THE TAPE-RECORDER DID THE TRICK—BUT I WONDER WHAT THOSE PEOPLE WOULD SAY IF THEY KNEW THE 'WOLF' THEY HEARD WAS JUST OUR DOG, TIM, ON TAPE, AND PLAYED AT FULL VOLUME!



OH, KERRY! HERE COMES MR MANTELL. DOES THIS MEAN MORE TROUBLE?



I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE TO SAY THE HORSE ALFRED STOLE IS BACK IN MY STABLES NOW—AND THE LONDON COACH CRASHED THIS AFTERNOON, KILLING ALL ITS PASSENGERS. THANKS TO ALFRED I WASN'T ONE OF THEM! PENELOPE, YOU MAY HAVE YOUR JOB BACK!

IT'S ALL WORKING OUT, JUST AS I THOUGHT!



But later that day—

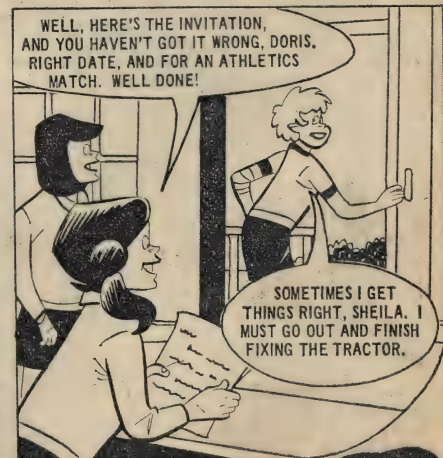
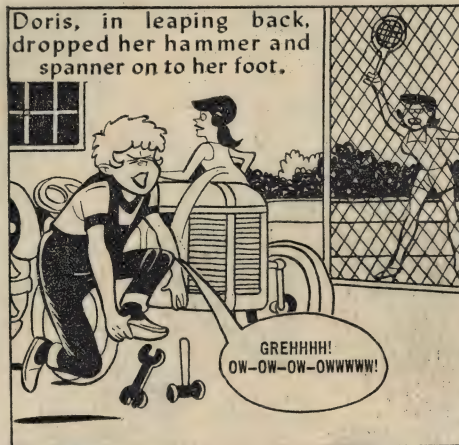
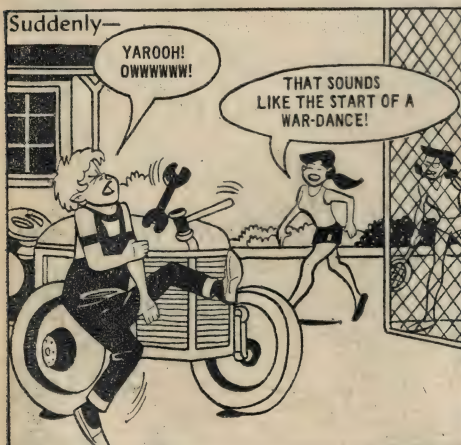
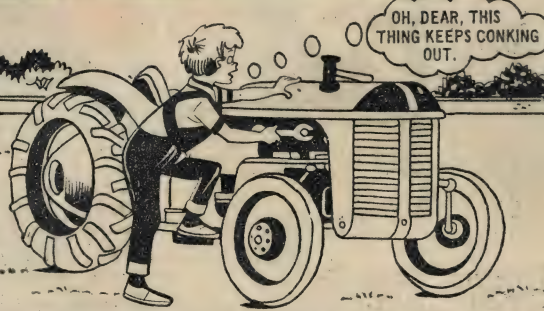
ALFRED MILLER IS STILL FREE AND A DANGER TO ME. I AM SURE THOSE GIRLS ARE RESPONSIBLE—ESPECIALLY THE ONE WITH THE STRANGE BOX. WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER!

NEXT WEEK—Kerry is accused of being a witch!

DOPEY DORIS

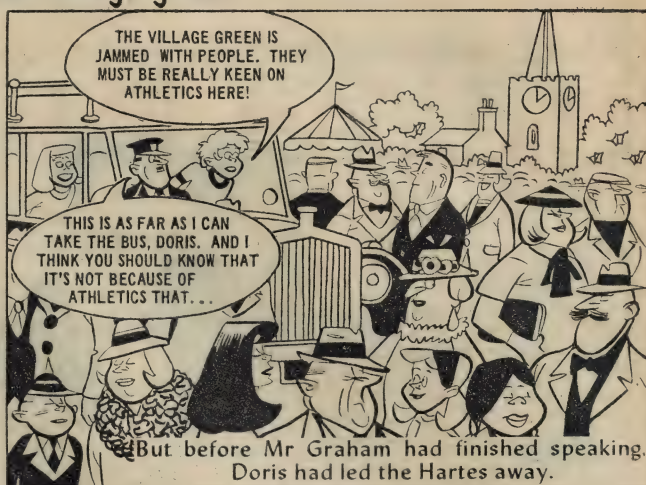
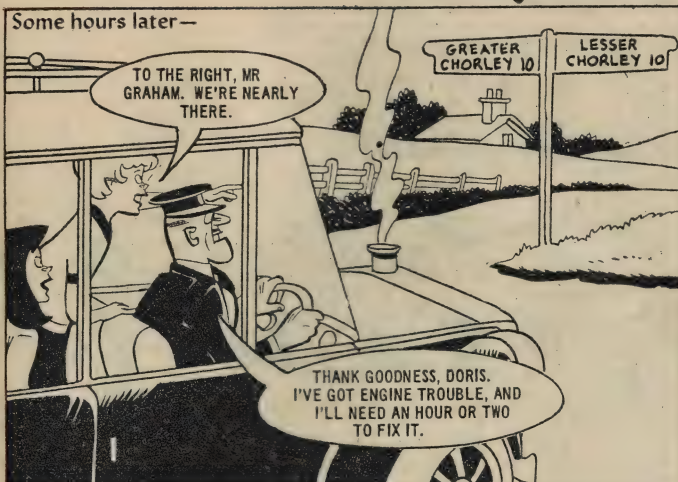
DORIS DAYTON was the over-worked Assistant Secretary of the Hartes Sports Club, which got its name from the initials of the games it played. The "E" stood for everything. Valerie Smythe, the Secretary, left all the work to Doris who, as a result, constantly got things muddled up and was nicknamed Dopey Doris.

One day as Valerie was playing tennis, Doris was trying to start the club's ancient tractor.



A strange scene on the village green.

19



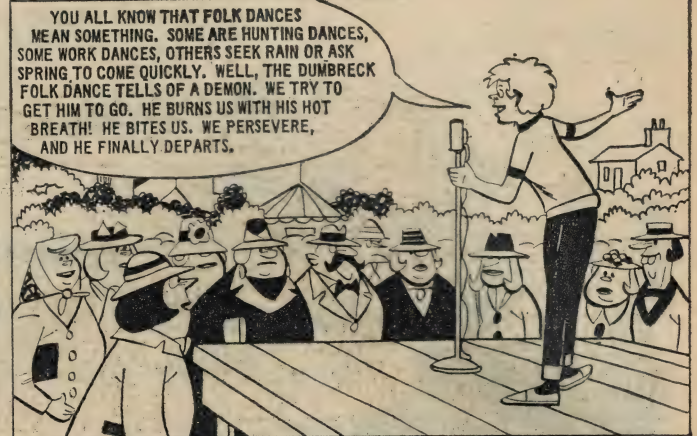
After a chat with the organiser, Sheila realised what had happened..



The "demon" dance



Doris was asked to explain the dance.



The Hartes girls began to dance.



As the dance went on—



WHAT A GIGGLE! THEY'RE 'DANCING' THE MOVEMENTS DORIS MADE WHEN SHE WAS TRYING TO FIX THE TRACTOR.



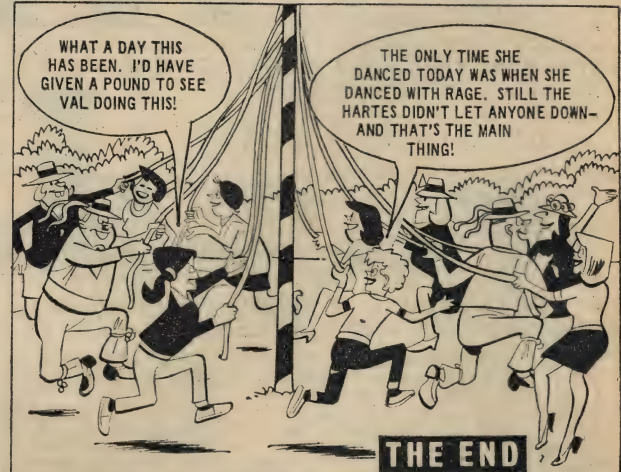
The dance ended with the demon being made to go.



The girls were then sent to a tea tent.



MY DEARS, YOU SIMPLY MUST COME AND PRESENT YOUR FIERY DEMON DANCE NEXT YEAR. MEANWHILE, COME AND JOIN OUR GRAND FINALE.



THE END

NEXT WEEK—Jill Cooper, your favourite junior reporter, is back in a super new series.

Danger from out of the jungle for Joan and the little Prince.

The GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND



JOAN BRYANT crouched in the garden of the British Consulate in Cambada, comforting the two-year-old boy who sobbed in her arms.

"Quiet, Chula," she hissed. "Don't make a sound!"

The boy was Prince Chula, the only member of the Cambodian royal family who had been left alive after an Army revolt. Joan was the daughter of the British consul, and she had been accidentally left behind when her father and his staff fled the country.

Now thirteen-year-old Joan had undertaken a dangerous mission. She had vowed to smuggle Prince Chula out of Cambada, away from the wrath of the ruthless rebel leader, Colonel Suyin.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps and voices reached through the dusk to Joan's ears. She clapped a hand over Chula's mouth.

"Don't be frightened," she whispered. "It's—it's a game, we have to be very still and quiet. Like in a game of Hide and Seek."

On visits to the Palace with her father, Joan had amused the little Prince by playing this game with him and now, with relief, she felt his body relax a little and saw some of the fear fade from his eyes. A voice came to her clearly and again she tensed.

"We are wasting time here. The others are looting the house. Come."

"The British were allowed to leave," came another voice, "but they didn't take their servants. Some may be hiding in the grounds. They should be made to suffer for serving that lot."

Joan looked about her for some weapon. She could see none and panic began to fill her. There were at least two men near and they would be armed, if only with sticks. What chance would she have of defending the

Prince from them, she asked herself, her throat dry with fear?

"We can deal with the servants later." It was the impatient one speaking. "Anyway, they were seen to leave many hours ago. I'm going to the house. When it is looted we will burn it down."

There was some argument and then the voices grew fainter. Joan let out her breath in a sigh of relief. They were going away. For the moment, anyway, the danger was past. She took her hand from Prince Chula's mouth.

"They did not find us," he said and chuckled. His dark eyes sparkled. He was an intelligent little boy, with a wide vocabulary for his age. "Shall we play some more, Joan?"

"Yes," Joan began to crawl away through the bushes. "But this time we will find a much better hiding place."

Let him go on thinking of it as a game, she told herself, for as long as possible.

"Where is Thiang?" Chula asked. "She must come with us." His face puckered as memory returned. "She said not to move and she made a noise because she hurt."

"Thiang is resting," Joan said swiftly. "When she is rested she will get a doctor to make her better. She asked me to look after you."

He frowned but accepted it and Joan made what haste she could with her burden. In the grounds was a stunted hollow oak tree that she had used when younger to hide and tease her nursemaid. If she could make it there they would be safe for a while, long enough perhaps for her to make a plan.

She was climbing into the tree with Prince Chula on her back when she saw a red glow in the sky and knew that her home was set on fire. Tears caught at her throat and filled her eyes but she held them back. If she gave way and started crying, Prince Chula would

get upset. She slid down into the hollow and sat down, holding him close. Within minutes he was asleep.

"Colonel Suyin might have made arrangements for me to be sent across the border," thought Joan, "but I can't go to him now. Not without abandoning Prince Chula."

She looked at the sleeping child and resolve hardened in her. Colonel Suyin, leader of the coup, she knew as a hard, cruel man, cunning as a fox. He would show the little Prince no mercy. Chula stirred in his sleep, murmuring through it for his mother and father.

"There's only me now to care for you," Joan said aloud, holding Chula closer to her.

A PLAN!

MEANWHILE, at his headquarters, Colonel Suyin, who had been doing some thinking, summoned one of his aides.

"Search the British Consulate," he told the young officer. "The Royalists thought a lot of Bryant. It could be that the nursemaid tried to get to the Consulate, hoping for help for herself and the Prince."

"The Consulate has been burned down by a mob of students," the aide reported. "And Bryant is not there so—"

"Don't argue with me!" bawled Suyin, his expression ugly. "Do as I say."

"Yes, sir." The aide saluted and left the room.

In the hollow tree Joan was trying to make a plan. She had no money and, in the way of food, just a bar of chocolate, well on the way to melting. In the city she had had many friends but fear of the new regime would make many refuse to help—might even make them betray her to Suyin. Was there anyone she could trust?

Drop the Editor a note about "Mandy"—he'll be glad to hear from you.

SHE'S BACK NEXT WEEK



Jill Cooper goes to London to try to get a job on one of the newspapers there. Read all about her adventures in the great new series of

**Jill—
JUNIOR REPORTER**

"Tamu!" she said aloud and hope rose in her. Tamu had been the Consulate head gardener and he was a nephew of Thiang's. His loyalty would be to the Prince.

She stood up, eager to be off and then froze. Somebody was near to the tree. She could hear heavy breathing, then a scraping noise. The back of her neck prickled with fear. Whoever it was was climbing into her hiding place. She looked up and then a sigh of relief escaped her.

"Tamu!" she said.

"Miss Joan!" said the gardener at the same moment. He slid down into the hiding place but the space was so confined that they had to stand facing one another, faces almost meeting.

"I thought you had all left," he said.

"I saw the two cars leave and—"

"I got left behind," Joan cut in and quickly explained, telling Tamu of Thiang's brave bid.

"I was coming to you," Joan told him. "I've decided to try to get the Prince across the border. I'll need to keep as far as possible to country areas and I need clothes to disguise the fact that I'm a European. My skin is dark enough from the sun, I speak the language fluently. I might be able to manage it."

"You'll need help," Tamu said firmly. "I will be your guide. You shall be my daughter and the Prince—"

He broke off looking worried. "He is the problem. The Colonel will leave no stone unturned to find him."

"Perhaps we could dress him as a girl?" Joan suggested and Tamu nodded his approval.

In moments they were out of the hiding place, Joan still holding the sleeping Prince. Then she gave a startled exclamation as a thought struck her.

"Thiang!" she said sharply. "Her body—"

"It is a sorrow that I cannot give her a proper burial," Tamu interrupted. "But don't you see?" Now Joan

Prince. I will fetch my aunt's body."

He was back to her within minutes and looked agitated.

"Too late," he gasped out. "The soldiers were there—taking Thiang away. They will report by radio to the Colonel. We must get to my home very quickly. Give me the Prince."

THE DISGUISE

THE house was empty when they reached it. Tamu answered the question in Joan's eyes.

"I sent my wife and children into the country some days ago, before the fighting grew fierce," he told her.

"Why didn't you go with them?" Joan asked.

"I thought I might be able to serve my country here," he told her.

They worked quickly. Joan changed into the clothes he provided to make her look more like a Cambodian girl. Then she chose a dress for Prince Chula. Meanwhile Tamu got together food, maps, and added to them a wickedly sharp knife.

Prince Chula was annoyed at being wakened up and became the more so when Joan tried to get him into his dress.

"Be a good boy," Joan pleaded. "Please! Prince Chula we are going to play another game. Out there are soldiers and they will be the baddies."

"Baddies," Chula repeated and stopped struggling. "We are the goodies, like in the games we played in the garden at the Palace?"

"Just like that," Joan agreed. "See, I'm dressed up like a Cambodian girl."

She had the dress on him now and let out a sigh of relief.

"Ready, Tamu. Tamu!" she repeated. "We are ready."

He was standing at the window. "But perhaps too late," he said tensely. "The soldiers are coming this way."

"The back way is clear!" Joan exclaimed a moment later. "If we

interrupted. run—"

"Colonel Suyin will have heard by now that Prince Chula is not among those killed at the Palace. He will have everywhere searched—and remember our friendship for the Royals. If he searches here he will find Thiang's body—and that will narrow down the area the Prince could be in."

"You are right."

Tamu pointed to some bushes near the tree. "Hide there with the

"No," Tamu said. He repeated the word. "No. At first I thought... there is a better way, with less danger to the Prince. It will give you a few minutes to run and make for the forest."

"You mean us," Joan said. "Don't you?"

"I have work to do here," Tamu said. He had picked up a blanket and was pushing a pillow into it. "Be ready to run. Get into the back room, get the door open a little."

"And you?" Joan asked.

"I shall serve my Prince another way," Tamu said quietly.

He slipped out of the door, carrying the bundle carefully, like a child, before Joan had time to protest. She saw him run, heard him yell "Down with the traitors," heard the whine of bullets.

He was running hard, dodging about and seemed just for a minute to bear a charmed life. Then he threw up his arms, dropping the bundle and went down.

Joan found the use of her legs and ran with Prince Chula in her arms for the back door. Two lives had been given for the Prince now. Would hers be the third, in this deadly game?

Will Joan escape with the little Prince? Find out NEXT WEEK.

ALL FREE

OVER 150 STAMPS PLUS

THE FAMOUS PENNY BLACK & CAPE TRIANGULAR FACSIMILES

The 1840 British "Penny Black" is valued £35 unused, and the 1853 Cape of Good Hope is £17 mint. Few collectors can afford originals of these rare British Empire classics—the world's first postage and first triangular stamps. We will send you exact colour facsimiles of these two famous rarities ABSOLUTELY FREE, plus a special imported collection of 150 ALL DIFFERENT world stamps, all genuine and catalogued over 30/-. Just ask to see our new Special Approvals. (Please tell your parents.) UNIVERSAL STAMP CO. (Dept. MY6), Eastington, Gooles, Yorks.

FREE 151

DIFFERENT STAMPS

Just enclose 4d in stamps for postage and packing. You will also receive our famous Discount Approvals. If you are under 16 please tell your parents. This offer can be bought for 3/- if Approvals are not wanted. (Approvals and gift to U.K. only.)

WULFRUNA STAMP CO. (Dept. M1), 33 Trinity St., Dorchester, Dorset.

A MILLION STAMPS

FREE!

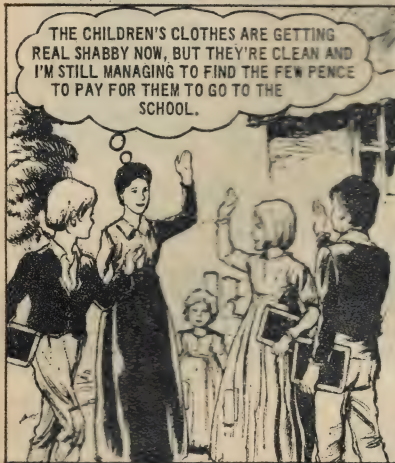
Write now for your share—100 different plus RUSSIAN, plus SPACE stamps—in all a valuable collection. All absolutely free to those who request discount approvals and enclose two 3d stamps for return postage and packing. BAYONA STAMP CO. (M), 291 London Road, Leitch Green, Northwich, Cheshire.

Meg meets a fascinating visitor.

The Willing Hands Of MEG SMITH



AFTER the death of her widower father, young Meg Smith, who lived in Victorian times, looked after her brothers, Billy and Phillip, and sisters, Annie and Jane. Meg turned her hand to every job that might earn an extra penny.



THE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES ARE GETTING REAL SHABBY NOW, BUT THEY'RE CLEAN AND I'M STILL MANAGING TO FIND THE FEW PENCE TO PAY FOR THEM TO GO TO THE SCHOOL.



Later Meg took back washing to Mrs Bunting.

I'LL HAVE THE BANDAGE OFF TOMORROW, AND I'LL MANAGE MY WASHING MYSELF THEN. YOU'LL MISS THE MONEY.

I WILL THAT, MRS BUNTING. I'LL MANAGE THOUGH.

As Meg was leaving—

THAT'S AMELIA SMITH, WHO'S COME TO STAY FOR A FEW WEEKS. SHE'S A LADY'S MAID IN LONDON AND HAS BEEN ILL. SHE NEEDS GOOD COUNTRY AIR.

A SERVANT MAID! MY, SHE LOOKS LIKE A REAL FINE LADY. I'D LOVE TO HAVE PRETTY CLOTHES LIKE THAT!



Later that day, the usually even-tempered Meg lost her temper with Phillip.

YOU CLUMSY BOY! THAT'S GOOD MILK WASTED. LEAVE THE TABLE!

I-I'M SORRY, MEG. I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE.



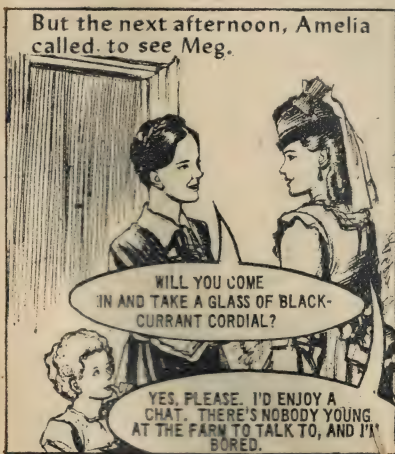
Phillip began to cry, and Meg was at once sorry.

I'M A REAL CROSSPATCH TODAY AND I CAN'T THINK WHY. I'M SORRY, PHILLIP. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.



But Meg knew what had brought on her short-temperedness.

I WAS FEELING ENVIOUS OF THAT AMELIA WITH HER FINE CLOTHES. I'VE JUST GOT THIS OLD DRESS AND ONE MORE JUST AS SHABBY. I JUST WON'T THINK ABOUT HER ANY MORE.



But the next afternoon, Amelia called to see Meg.

WILL YOU COME IN AND TAKE A GLASS OF BLACK-CURRENT CORDIAL?

YES, PLEASE. I'D ENJOY A CHAT. THERE'S NOBODY YOUNG AT THE FARM TO TALK TO, AND I'M BORED.



Meg listened excitedly to Amelia's tales—

SHE DOES A LOT OF ENTERTAINING, DOES MY LADY. BALLS—AS OFTEN AS ONCE A WEEK, WITH ALL THE LADIES WEARING BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES AND JEWELS. AND SOMETIMES WE TRAVEL TO FOREIGN PARTS—TO FRANCE.

FRANCE! OOH, TELL ME ABOUT THAT. DO THEY REALLY EAT FROGS THERE? AND SNAILS?



As Amelia was leaving—

IF YOU COME UP TO THE FARM ONE DAY I'LL LET YOU TRY ON MY CLOTHES. WE'RE MUCH THE SAME SIZE.

OH, YES, PLEASE! I'LL COME TOMORROW AFTER I'VE DONE MY CHORES.



A great chance for Meg!

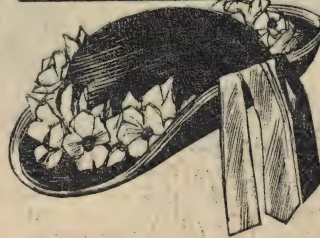
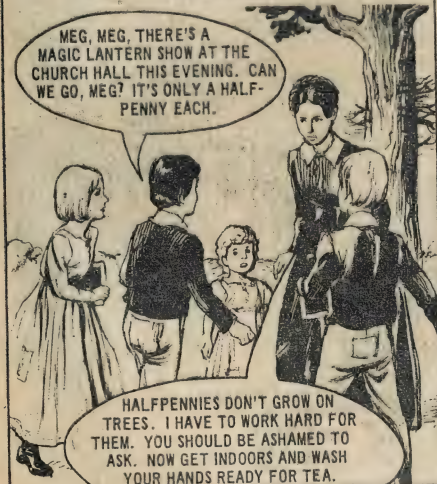
The next afternoon—



On the way home—



Meg and Jane were met by Phillip, Annie and Billy—



During the next few weeks, Meg saw a lot of Amelia, and Amelia filled Meg's head with stories of London life and tried to persuade her to take a maid's job. Meg held out, but she grew more and more resentful of the hard life she was leading and the children, used to a cheerful, kindly Meg, often got the rough edge of her tongue. They grew more and more subdued. Billy took to slipping away after tea and not returning until late.

When Meg questioned Billy about his late nights—



When Amelia's departure came, Meg went to the farm to see her off.



Meg stood until the trap was out of sight then shed some tears.



Mrs Bunting told Meg that Amelia had been brought up in a Poorhouse.



Daisy the cow to the rescue.

Meg had arranged to help Mrs Bunting with jam-making.

WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT THE CHILDREN'S DINNER, MEG? YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT THEM HERE, YOU KNOW.

I LEFT SOMETHING FOR THEM. I WANTED AWAY FROM THEM. I EXPECT THEY WERE GLAD TO BE AWAY FROM ME TOO. I'VE BEEN A PROPER CROSSPATCH LATELY.

When Meg got home, she found a parcel on the table—

WHERE DID THESE PRETTY RIBBONS COME FROM? AND THERE'S A NOTE HERE AS WELL.

NO! OH, NO!

I WANTED YOU TO HAVE SOMETHING PRITTY LIKE A MEELER. SO I EARNED MONEY EVENINGS DOING JOBS TO BUY THESE. I'M GOING TO THE WORKHOUSE AND TAKING THE OTHERS WITH ME BECOS WE LUV YOU AND DON'T WANT TO STOP YOU BEING A LADY'S MAID. LUV BILLY

THEY COULD HAVE BEEN GONE FOR HOURS. IF THEY GET TO THE POORHOUSE PERHAPS I WON'T BE ALLOWED TO HAVE THEM BACK. HOW AM I TO CATCH UP ON THEM THOUGH?

Then Meg had an idea—

DAISY, I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T EVER BEEN RIDDEN BEFORE BUT I'VE GOT TO CATCH UP WITH THE CHILDREN. DON'T THROW ME OFF, DAISY, PLEASE!

I MUST BE IN TIME. I MUST. I DON'T WANT TO BE A LADY'S MAID. I DON'T CARE ABOUT FINE CLOTHES. I JUST WANT MY FAMILY BACK.

COO! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN ANYBODY RIDING A COW BEFORE!

Towards dusk, Meg sighted them.

I'VE THOUGHT I WANT TO GO HOME. I WANT OUR MUM.

BUT—BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE POORHOUSE. WE'RE A BURDEN TO MEG, THAT'S WHAT WE ARE. I'LL GIVE YOU A CARRY, JANE.

Soon there was a loving and tearful reunion.

I LOVE YOU ALL. I COULDN'T BE HAPPY WITHOUT YOU, HONESTLY. WE'RE GOING HOME.

WELL—WELL, IF YOU REALLY DO WANT US. OH, MEG! WE'D HAVE HATED BEING AWAY FROM YOU, NOT BEING A PROPER FAMILY ANY MORE.

Next day, the Smiths celebrated with a rabbit which Mrs Bunting had given Meg.

I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON. NO MORE HANKERING AFTER FINE CLOTHES AND THE GAY LIFE FOR ME. I'VE GOT SOMETHING MUCH BETTER. A FAMILY THAT REALLY LOVES ME AND NEEDS ME. I'M RICH!

NEXT WEEK—A threat to take the children away from Meg!

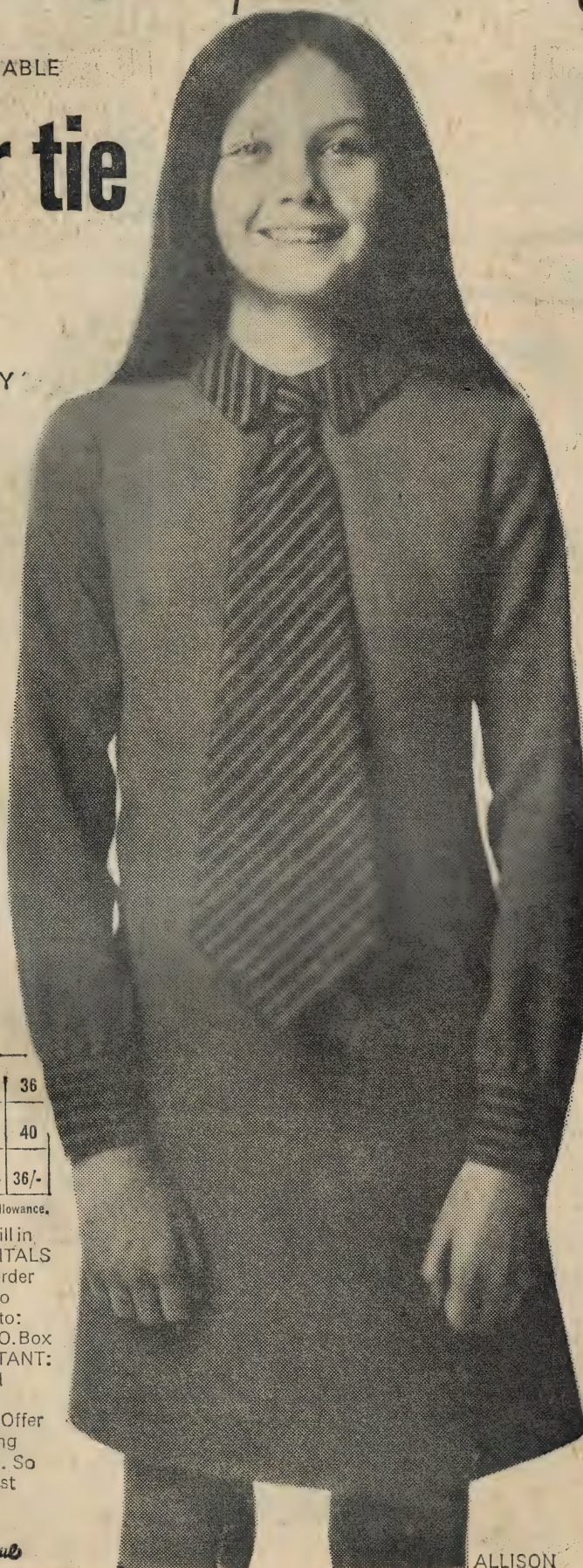
be the most up-to-date girl around

IN THIS FULLY WASHABLE

Kipper tie dress

CUT-OUT FROM ONLY

25/-



It's a must for you! You'll be the most talked-about girl around, with our prettiest-ever fun dress. It's in cuddly-soft brushed rayon, that's both fully-washable and crease-shedding. The new look striped kipper tie and trim have been cleverly co-ordinated to make this your favourite dress this season. And it's sew-easy! With Mummy's help you can make it up in an evening. Mini or normal length, the choice is yours. Choose your kipper tie dress from 7 stunning colours: Autumn Gold, Rustic Orange, Emerald Green, Kingfisher Blue, Red, Royal Blue and Lilac.

This terrific offer comes absolutely complete with zip, all trimmings, interfacing and fully-illustrated, step-by-step sewing instructions. Even postage and packing are FREE.

SIZES AND PRICES

Bust	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
Length*	28	30	32	34	36	38	40
Price	25/-	27/-	29/-	30/-	32/-	34/-	36/-

*There is a generous 1" seam and 2" hem allowance.

ALLISON OFFER. Simply fill in the coupon in BLOCK CAPITALS and send a crossed postal order or cheque—made payable to Elizabeth Barry Boutique—to: E.B.B. ALLISON OFFER, P.O. Box 2BZ, London W.1. **IMPORTANT:** Please write your name and address on the back of all cheques and postal orders. Offer only available in U.K. Closing date—January 10th, 1968. So hurry and be sure of your first colour choice.

Elizabeth Barry Boutique
MEANS CUT-OUT COUTURE

YOUR ORDER FORM (STYLE: ALLISON)

Please send me _____ cut-out packs/

Bust size _____

I enclose P.O./Cheque value _____

Colour choice 1st _____

2nd _____ 3rd _____

Name _____

Address _____

M.A.3.

ALLISON

Lonely Ballerina

GWEN JONES had won a scholarship to the famous Slavonia Ballet School in Moscow. Her highly individual style had appealed to some of the judges, but not to Madame Pruna, the ballet mistress, who preferred the panel's second choice—Alicia Birkenshaw.

One night Gwen and her fellow pupils had walk-on parts in the ballet scene of Prince Igor. When the leading dancer injured herself, Gwen finished her role for her, entirely losing herself in the dance.

LISTEN TO THE APPLAUSE—THEY MUST HAVE LIKED US.

IT'S YOU THEY'RE APPLAUDING.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS APPLAUSE IS FOR ME. IT'LL BE SOME TROUBLE I'M IN NOW WHEN MADAME PRUNA SEES ME!



WHAT SPIRIT! WHAT FIRE! BUT WHO IS SHE?

HOW HAS THE SLAVONIA MANAGED TO KEEP HER HIDDEN AWAY UP UNTIL NOW?

Afterwards in the dressing-room—



I'LL BE IN TROUBLE! MADNESS IT WAS, BUT I WAS CARRIED AWAY.

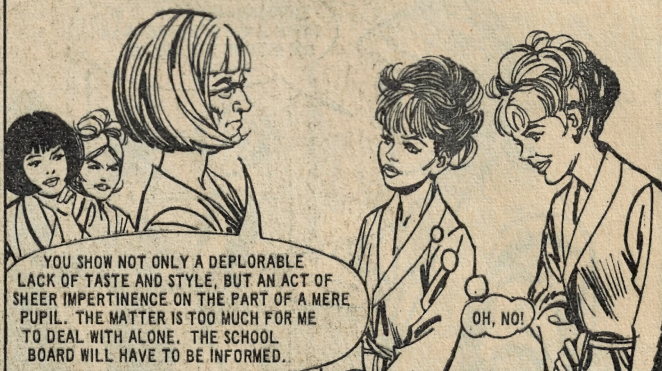
YOU WERE FANTASTIC! AND TO HAVE SUCH COURAGE!

Alicia Birkenshaw's mother was a former dancer at the Slavonia and favoured by Madame Pruna, who disliked Gwen.



ALTHOUGH THERE WAS AN UNDERSTUDY, YOU JUST HAD TO JUMP INTO THE LIMELIGHT AND GIVE A VULGAR, UNDISCIPLINED EXHIBITION.

SSHST! HERE COMES MADAME PRUNA!



YOU SHOW NOT ONLY A DEPLORABLE LACK OF TASTE AND STYLE, BUT AN ACT OF SHEER IMPERTINENCE ON THE PART OF A MERE PUPIL. THE MATTER IS TOO MUCH FOR ME TO DEAL WITH ALONE. THE SCHOOL BOARD WILL HAVE TO BE INFORMED.

OH, NO!

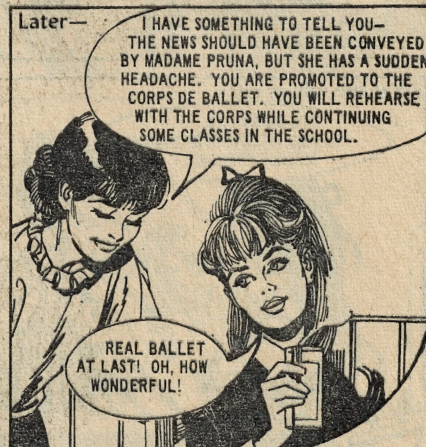
Next morning Madame Pruna visited Igor Zoritch, head of the Slavonia Ballet School.



THE PAPER IS FULL OF NONSENSE ABOUT THIS GWEN JONES. SHE SHOULD BE REMOVED WITHOUT DELAY.



YES, INDEED, FROM HER PRESENT STATUS. I HAVE WATCHED HER FROM THE START, SO THIS HAS NOT TAKEN ME ENTIRELY BY SURPRISE. I SEE HER AS AN INJECTION OF NEW SPIRIT INTO OUR COMPANY.



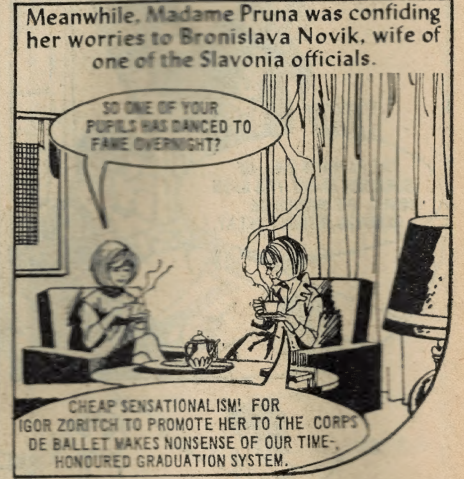
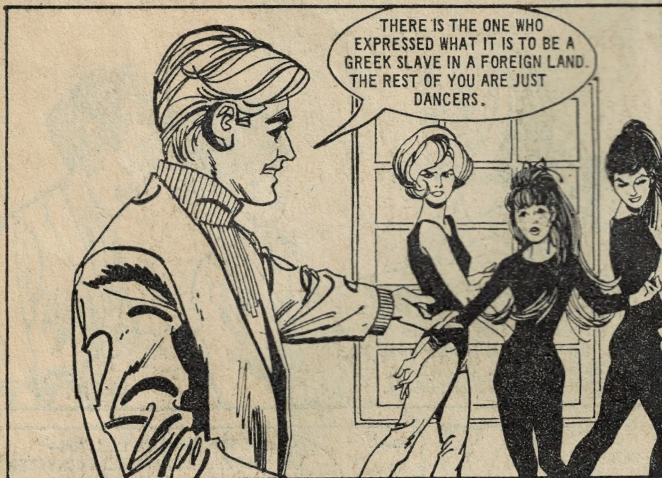
Later—

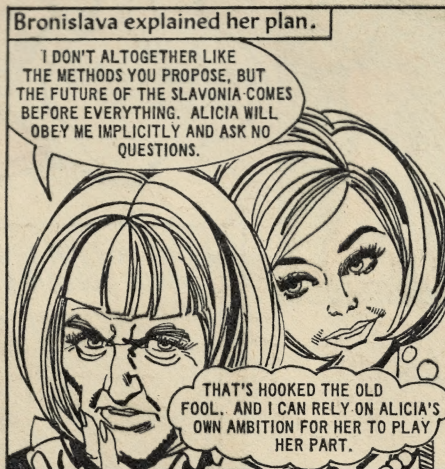
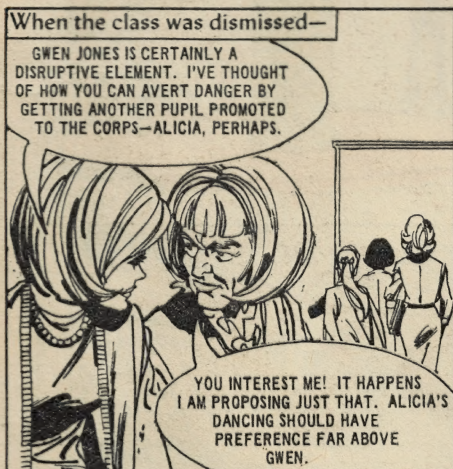
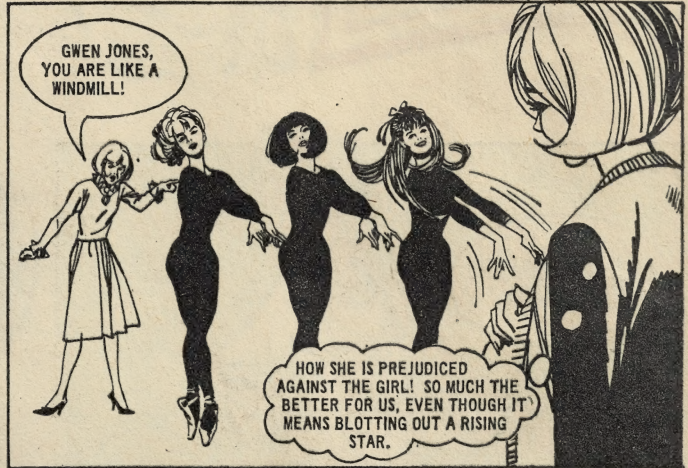
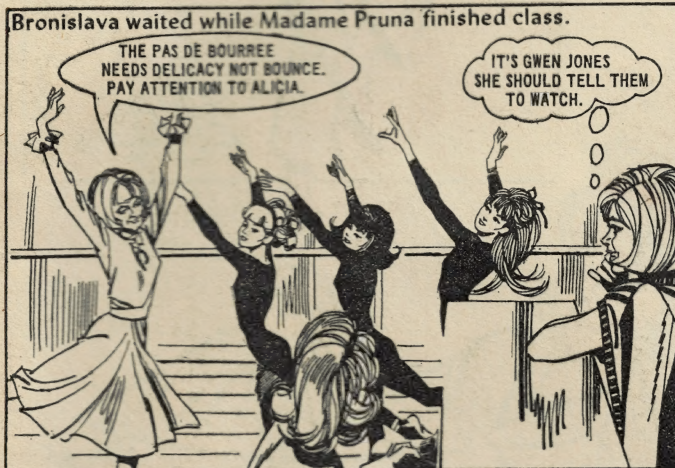
I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU—THE NEWS SHOULD HAVE BEEN CONVEYED BY MADAME PRUNA, BUT SHE HAS A SUDDEN HEADACHE. YOU ARE PROMOTED TO THE CORPS DE BALLET. YOU WILL REHEARSE WITH THE CORPS WHILE CONTINUING SOME CLASSES IN THE SCHOOL.

REAL BALLET AT LAST! OH, HOW WONDERFUL!



Gwen is not welcome.





What does Alicia plan? Find out NEXT WEEK.

*

MANDY

Continued from front cover.

Nov. 18, 1967

